

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buck-
rom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hofe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came
in foot & hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstrous leleuer buckrom men growne out of two!

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three misbegotten knaues,
in Kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it
was so darke, *Hall*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse
as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou
knotty-pated foole, thou horse on obscene greasie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the
truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall
greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand?
come tell vs your reason. What sayst thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reason, *Iack*, your reason.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the
strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on
compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were
as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon
compulsion, I.

Prin. He bee no longer guilty of this sinne. This sanguine co-
ward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge-hill
of flesh.

Fal. Zblood-you starueling, you elskinne, you dried neats-
tongue, buls pizzle, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what
is like thee? you taylors yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you
vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou
hast tried thy selfe in base coparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two saw you foure set on foure and bound them, &
were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plaine tale shal
put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a
word

word, outfac'd you fro your prize
it you here in the house: and *Fal.*
way as nimbly, with as quick dex-
still run & roare, as euer I heard Bu-
to hacke thy sword as thou hast
tight? what trickes? what deuice? y-
now finde out, to hide thee from t-

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iack*, what

Fal. By the Lord, I knew yee a-
Why heare you masters, was it
parant? should I turne vpon the tru-
elt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but
will not touch the true Prince, inst-
coward on instinct, I shall thinke
thee, during my life; I, for a valia-
Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I a-
Hofesse clap to the doores, watch
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of go-
lowship come to you. What, shall
a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & the

Hof. O Iesu, my Lord the *Prince*

Prin. How now my Lady the *Hof*

Hof. Marry, my L. there is a noble
would speake with you: he sayes h-

Prin. Giue him as much as will n-
send him backe againe to my moth-

Fal. What manner of man is he

Hof. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauity out of
I giue him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Iack*.

Fal. Fayth, and ile send him packi-

Prin. Now sirs: birlady you foug-
did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too,

you will not touch the true Prince,

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw other